

Edward S. Stillis

100



May, 1929

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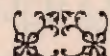
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

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Rhapsody

Oh poet, singer of the hills,
Whose feet in joyous ecstasy
Never seem to tread the earth,
Tell me, do you really see
Things unseen by me?

Oh poet, you of gypsy heart,
Whose home is anywhere beneath the stars
Tell me, can you really see
Romany fires burning low
When day rides forth?

Oh poet, you of sweetest song,
For whom each melody has passion,
Speaks bitter words and sweet,
Tell me, can you always hear
Music unheard by me?

Oh poet, master of immortal song,
Give me, pray, oh give me wings.
I would travel with the wind
Song in my heart, on my lips
For all the world.

Vera Victoreen

EDITORIALS



The Builders

THERE is a story of a certain people who were building a cathedral. It was a long and laborious task, but one upon which the hearts of a nation were set. There were no labor saving devices—each rock was quarried by hand, hauled to the building site on crude sledges, worked into place by simple tackles. Three generations passed away during the building of the cathedral—a fourth lived to see the task's completion. The first generation had laid the foundation; the second had seen the massive walls rising higher year by year; the third had seen the completion of the walls and roof; while the fourth generation had furnished the artists to hew the stones into graceful curves, to design and decorate the massive pillars, to bring fine bits of wood and ore from all over the kingdom and beautify the interior. The nation worked hard and waited patiently in order to benefit from the labor.

We, of the present generation, labor feverishly, but forget to wait; we build beautifully but without foundation. We forget the prerequisites of all reward: labor and patience. In everything we do, we lack the qualities of patient labor that builders need, whether they be building up a school, a town or a nation.

To revert to an old subject, we expect some day to have a new high school. We'll get it but we must wait. "All good things come slowly," to quote an old saying.

Patient labor and waiting applies, above all, to education. It is a long tedious task—one in which we must build slowly and surely year by year, until at last we have a complete and reliable structure upon which to begin our life work. Woe to us if our school days have been whiled away in idleness.

These are just two of innumerable instances where we lack the industry and the patience of true builders. We are likely to forget the importance of our foundations, to neglect putting our best efforts into our building, to expect results too quickly. Remember the words of Longfellow:

"For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled:
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

The importance of this fact is especially apparent in high school where we are preparing for our life-work. We are the citizens of tomorrow's state. Right in our classrooms we are laying foundations and are building for our nation as well as for ourselves. Remember this and bear in mind a nation of olden times whose work was so well done that it outlived many centuries.

In all we do, let us lay firm foundations. Labor earnestly and wait patiently, for we are the builders of tomorrow.

The Editor

Track

IN spite of the fact that there are a multitude of sports which are popular in the United States, there is perhaps none that has won a place in organized athletics as quickly as track. The American boy has come to admire it for several reasons. One of these is that track is probably the only sport that involves no element of chance. In football, a muddy field or a slippery ball may spell loss for the team which is actually in the best condition. In baseball, a prejudiced umpire, a pebble on the base-line, or a gust of wind are factors in determining the outcome of the game. But in track, the boy who has prepared himself, who has practiced incessantly, and who knows his business, is always the winner. This is competition in its biggest sense: two competitors and equal conditions. One does not have to say, "May the best man win." That the best man will win is a foregone conclusion.

In P. H. S., track has grown until now it bids fair to challenge the supremacy of King Baseball. This is as it should be, for in track more fellows are given a chance to make a name for themselves and to build up sound bodies than in baseball at its best. Show that you approve of track by attending the meets.

Although, in the past, we have had most of our meets with prep schools or college freshmen, this year's program includes several meets with high schools. The team will do its best but, as in all other sports, the game is fought not only on the field of action but on the sidelines. Too many speeches have been made on school spirit in regard to football and basketball but none has been given about the spirit behind the track team. Let's get behind the team and cheer the members as they cross the finish line. Be with them from the start to the finish, and the track team will promise to "bring home the bacon."

G. S. Pruyne '29

John Moore '29

The Traffic System

UNDER the direction of our Students' Council, traffic organization has been in force for some time. This system, however, has not been proven entirely satisfactory. Each floor is supervised by either the chief or one of his two assistants. These officials are appointed by the traffic committee of the Council. They may report to the office any inefficiency of the traffic officers and these officers will be removed by the teachers.

It appears to be necessary for these chiefs and assistants to use this power, for some officers are not fulfilling the requirements of their positions. It may be that they serve for too long a time—some have served for a full term. I think

that if the officers served for a maximum time of two weeks, many evils would be thus corrected.

If a student knows that some time during the semester he will act as an officer he will have more respect for the officers now serving. I would therefore suggest that the maximum term of two weeks be the limit of time of an officer's service. But, in addition to this, each student should cooperate by abiding by all the rules and regulations of the traffic system.

J. M. '29

The Marking System

RECENTLY a new marking system was introduced into Pittsfield High School. Obviously it was intended to make the student study harder. In a few cases this system has been successful; in the majority of cases, however, it has been a failure because it has not served to encourage as it should. It has discouraged many and has given others a chance to do less work, because it puts a premium on laziness, and discourages ambition and industry. The lazy student has no incentive to better his mark because, if he gets an average of 70, he can claim an average of 84. The ambitious student lacks the incentive that the percentage mark would give because, if he gets an average of 84, his mark looks no better on the face of his report than that of the indifferent student. The "C" can mean too much; it may mean that the student is good, diligent; it may mean that he is poor, indifferent. How can his parents or others recognize the difference?

A business man would consider such a method unsatisfactory, unreliable, and too indefinite to show him the true condition of his business, because the "C" varies anywhere from 70 to 84, and might very well measure the difference between success and failure. A business man who conducted his affairs with no more accurate knowledge of them than would be afforded by such a system would find himself unable to compete with others having a more accurate system, and would be fortunate if he did not fail. Therefore the only way to encourage each and every student to study harder is to substitute the percentage instead of the letter on the report card. If this is done, a person receiving a low "C" will be unable to deceive anyone by saying that his average was above 80. When this is done and then only, will each and every student do his best.

John Donna

The Report of the High School Commission

THE Pittsfield High School Commission has submitted to the City Council the tentative plans of the architects who were appointed to design the new high school. These plans call for a building of the so-called "unit type" construction, which would accommodate approximately 1800 pupils and which could be enlarged, as the city's growth in population might, in time, require, to a maximum capacity of from 2500 to 3000. In conjunction with this building, however, there would be erected an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1200 in the hall and 200 on the stage; thus the total seating capacity would be 1400 which is 400 less than the initial capacity of the building, and 1600 less than the estimated maximum capacity. This smaller auditorium is, the Commission states, in the

interest of economy, as an adequate auditorium would considerably increase the cost of erecting the school.

It would appear that to make this move would be a serious error. The auditorium of the modern high school is not a luxury or an extravagance, but an integral part of the institution, and to have ours thus inadequate from the very start cannot be regarded as a wise and forward-looking policy.

Of course the ill effects, if there are ill effects, of the proposed plan would not be felt until long after all of us, who are now in school, shall have graduated, but we who know, from personal experience, the many inconveniences attendant upon an inadequate and overcrowded high school building surely do not wish our successors, ten or fifteen years hence, to be undergoing, in the new building, some of the same hardships which we now endure in the old.

It is to be hoped that our High School Commission and City Council will, before taking this step, consider well not only present economies (which are, it is true, perfectly worthy objects of consideration), but also our future needs and the economies which result, not from money saved by a miserly policy of economy *now*, whatever the future cost, but the ultimate savings from the wise plan of so spending money at the present time in anticipation of future needs that such needs, when they arise, need not call for any further outlay.

Edward S. Willis '32

Mount Vernon

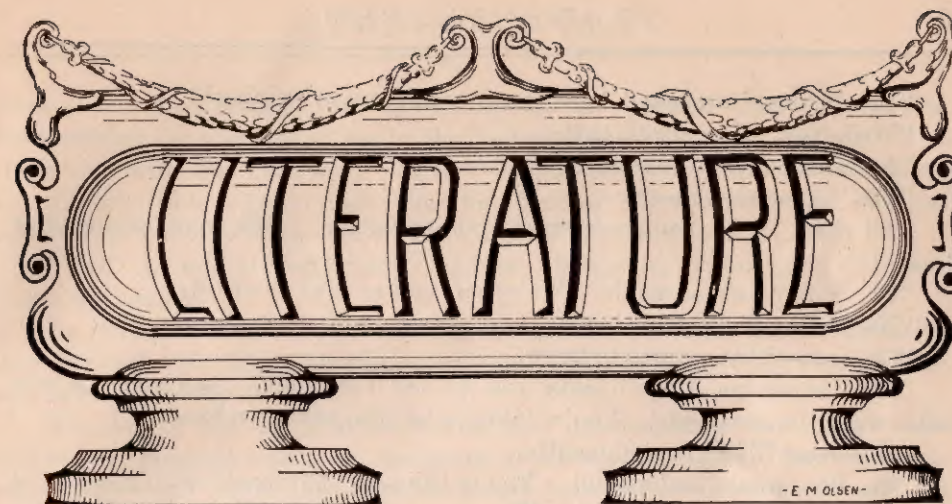
Stately in stature
With spacious grounds
Stands that great mansion
Upon the hill.

Sloping terraces
Which thousands have traveled
Down to his grave
At the foot of the hill.

Beautiful gardens
Gay with spring flowers,
Trim, boxwood hedges,
On the side of the hill.

Though wearied with age
And quite weather-beaten
There stands Mount Vernon
On the top of the hill.

Eleanor Behan



The Speed King

BOB STRONG was the best man on the track team running for Truxton High. He ran the last quarter mile on the mile track and was considered the best man up, the coming speed king, having the necessary speed to bring his team home to win.

Bob was in strict training, having promised himself that he would win a series of races, finishing up with the important Truxton-Merrill race, the last event of the season and, as far as the members of both schools were concerned, *the* race of the year.

Round and round the track he went, running slowly, running fast, gaging his stride. The Coach watched him with keen, but well concealed, satisfaction.

"He'll deliver the goods," he told himself, and called aloud, as Bob came abreast with him, "Come on, Strong, take the lead out of your shoes."

"O. K. Coach," and Bob was off around the track running swiftly and evenly while the Coach timed him over the line at 10.9 seconds.

"Too slow," he said to Bob giving him a friendly slap, "We'll have to go more carefully on the smokes, son. Cut down to one pipeful a day if you must have it." To himself he added, "That boy's going to show 'em something this year or my name isn't Elroy."

He called his trackmen to him and instructed them to report at the same hour on the morrow, adding, "And don't forget boys, we're going to make a name for Truxton this season. So watch yourselves and don't let me catch you breaking training."

That night found Bob Strong at the annual May dance with Nancy Darrell. He and Nancy had gone through grammar school and high together and were planning to attend a university so that they might remain together. The music was gay, and Bob was enjoying himself to the utmost when someone called, "Hey, Bob, aren't you in training now?"

Bob shot him an annihilating look before answering with assumed carelessness, "Am I now?" and aside to the questioner himself, "You blockhead, just wait until I get you alone."

Nancy had heard and she immediately proceeded to take him to task.

"Bob Strong," she asked, "are you or aren't you in training?"

"Well, Nan,—I—er—well, that is—."

"I'm waiting for an answer, Bob. Yes or no?"

"Yes," somewhat shortly.

"All right, then. You don't break training for me. Will you take me home please?"

"Oh, Nancy, be reasonable. We're here and we may as well stay."

"No, Bob. We're going home."

"Oh, are we?" he wanted to know.

"Well, of course, I can't make you go, but I'm going. And you—do you realize what you are doing? You're taking a lot into your own hands."

"How come?" he asked flippantly.

"Oh, Bob, please understand. You're thinking of yourself when you should be thinking of the whole school. When you allow yourself to rise above the average in a certain line, as you have with racing, you place yourself under obligation to do your best and how can you do your best when you begin the season by breaking training?"

"But, Nan, this once won't hurt."

"Will you take me home or won't you?"

"But, Nancy, I don't want—," he began and Nancy waited for no more.

"Dick," she called to one of the stars, "Will you take me home, please?"

"You bet I will," said the willing Dick, and Nancy went off with him without another word to Bob, leaving him very much hurt and extremely angry. He immediately became the life of the party as a way of showing that he didn't care if Nancy had left him stranded.

In a mad burst of anger and resentment, Bob attended every dance after that, often encountering Nancy with the ever present Dick. A Nancy who was cool and distant, didn't help matters along at all. By this time, it was known all over the school that Nancy and Bob were "off each other" as the expression went, which news caused a good deal of speculation and became the nine day's wonder.

As a result, Bob's speed decreased until he was running under his record. The Coach was angry and disgusted; the other boys, discouraged. A race was run and won, another lost and another. Bob was showing poor form and the team was suffering for it. Race after race was run and although Truxton kept to the foreground, there were no races that brought any comment from the critics.

Then one day Bob met Nancy, who, to his surprise, stopped him with, "I want to speak to you, Bob."

"Yes," he said stopping and assuming a distinctly bored air.

"Bob," she said, "I can't imagine what you're thinking of. You've lost us two races that should have been ours."

"Say, I'd like to know, am I the only one on the team?"

"No. But the boys depend on you. They give the best they have and you, as the last man up, should carry on. You aren't playing the game and I detest a cheater."

"A cheater? Nancy Darrell, you take that back!" he protested hotly.

"I won't because it's true. You're cheating yourself, your school, your team,

all of us who have faith in you. And to think," she finished bitterly, "that I've been waiting for you to ask me to the Victory Dance after our big race. I'm going to go with Dick, so there." After which declaration, Nancy ran off leaving a bewildered Bob. Nancy had called him a cheater, but worst of all, she was going to the Victory Dance with Dick, an unheard of procedure.

"Well," he told himself grimly, "At least, she's going to dance to a victory—Truxton's victory."

And so Bob Strong went back into training, but he no longer had the initiative to go out and win. He ran half-heartedly and, while he managed to win, his form was no longer spectacular.

The day of the big Truxton-Merrill race dawned bright and clear. The stands were jammed with a gay, laughing crowd of young people, flaunting their school colors and calling impudent challenges back and forth, while the men on both teams were keyed up to a nervous tension. Bob Strong sat sulkily waiting his orders to take his position and the other three boys moved restlessly about. The Coach stood by watching them and finally, with a muttered oath, he advanced and began to give them the sort of lecture he was famous for. Picking on each one, he harped on some one point that was a particular sore spot with the person addressed and riled them up to a point where they were hard put to keep from mobbing him.

"And you," he said suddenly rounding on Bob, "You're a fine one. Letting a girl put you out of form."

Bob jumped to his feet, "Now, you look here, Coach," he began angrily.

"Sit down and shut up," the coach roared, "You little, yellow lily, you, with emphasis on the 'yellow'. What's the big idea of playing me for a sucker? You can play that girl of yours for one but not me." As a furious Bob jumped to his feet, "Get out to position," and the coach jabbed him forward adding fuel to a well kindled fire. "Don't strain yourself," he yelled after him so that at least half a dozen people were witness to Bob's humiliation. He chuckled to himself as he watched Bob's furious progress down the track.

"That's done it," he congratulated himself, and went off to take up a place of vantage to watch the race.

As for Bob, he was seething with suppressed anger. He'd let Nancy down, had he? Well, he'd show them. Just give him a chance on the track and he'd make them sit up and take notice. As for the Coach, he'd take great pleasure in punching him in the nose, which would have pleased the coach immensely because he had been working for just such an effect. The coach, being wise to the game, knew that the angrier his man was, the better the race he would run.

The first men up crouched to position, waiting the signal to be off. The gun barked, Truxton's man jumped the gun and the men were returned to position again. Once more Truxton's man jumped the gun. Again they crouched in position. The stands were tense. Two times their man had jumped the gun, a third time would see them disqualified and the race forfeited to Merrill. The gun barked again. This time, in his anxiety not to get off before the gun, Truxton's man lost a second or so in starting, fumbled his baton, picked it up and went into his stride. He handed the baton over to man number two, just five yards

behind Merrill's man. Number two regained two yards of the lost five and number three came in with another half yard made up, bringing Truxton into the last quarter mile stretch, two and a half yards behind Merrill's man.

Now Bob was off. He ran in grand form but, in his attempt to cut behind Merrill's man and gain the post, he accidentally brushed up against him, fouling Truxton. He lost ground, gained and passed Merrill's man, who, in attempting to prevent him from passing, zig-zagged in front of him, jabbed him with an elbow and fouled Merrill evening the score, wiping the slate clean again. They ran almost shoulder to shoulder, one forging ahead, losing again, forging ahead. The crowds yelled themselves hoarse. A cry of, "Bob Strong, Bob Strong. We're strong for you," rose from a thousand throats goading him on to victory. Ahead of him, the white tape. At his heels, Merrill's man.

He gathered his resources together for a last burst of speed, sprinted down the track on to the home stretch, arms outstretched toward the elusive tape, passed it in splendid running form, bringing the crowd to its feet with its cry, "Bob Strong, Bob Strong. We're strong for you."

The crowd, triumphant, surged on to the field, lifted Bob on its shoulders and carried him about. Laughter and gayety everywhere; voices were calling, singing; faces were flushed with happiness, with the joy of having witnessed a splendid victory. But Bob was looking for one face in all that crowd. When at last he saw Nancy, she was standing on the outskirts of the crowd. She caught his eye, and raised her hand high in salute.

Sometime later, when he came from the locker room, he found her waiting for him.

"Bob Strong," she told him as she fell into step with him, "I'm strong for you."

"Nancy," he said, "Do you mean that?"

"Of course, Bob," she assured him, "I mean it just as much as I never meant the other things I said to you, but I had to say them just the same," she added.

"Well, but why, Nan?" he wanted to know.

"Because somebody had to show you that you weren't living up to your obligations to yourself and your school, and it had to be me, I guess."

"Nancy," he admitted, "I was a fool." And added, "Gee, but you're wonderful."

"So are you, Bob," she told him, and added casually, "I'm waiting for you to ask me to the Victory Dance tonight."

"Oh, Nancy, you're asked," and then as memory asserted itself, "But what about Dick?"

"That," she told him, "that was just a little white lie."

"Well," said Bob, "I never knew before how much I liked little white lies."

E. Columbia

Ivan's Sons

Peace; come away; the song of woe

Is, after all, an earthly song.—*Tennyson*

NOT far from Posen, now a city of Poland, but formerly included in the territory of Prussia, there was a small township of earnest, simple folk, who lived passively and contentedly. Each day the men set out for work, usually in the fields, and at home, the women cooked, sewed, and wove cloth for their families. When the men returned in the evening, there were stories, to be told and songs to be sung. Happy was the man who had a good wife, good land, and good health!

Among these worthy people, none was more popular, more respected than Ivan, the blacksmith. A powerful man in every way, Ivan was accustomed to be admired and appreciated. He gloried in strife, and brought up his children to be skillful in fighting, and brave in danger—above all, to be brave, for Ivan himself was possessed of the courage of a lion, and he scorned the weak.

Ivan had four sons, of whom he loved three. These three, Peter, Kari, and Aason, were indeed boys to be proud of; they were tall and strong like their father, and also like him, they despised weakness. As youngsters, they ruled their playmates, and ruled with strong arms. Ivan had another son, too. He was Johan, the sickly. Indifferent, listless, Johan was neglected in this home where brute strength was the recognized standard of superiority.

Johan read much—too much, thought Ivan, for one who reads is no worker. Since his mother had died, Johan had a more difficult time, for while she had lived, she had protected the boy, had shielded him. After the death of the frail, tender mother, each of the boys wanted to leave the dull village, to make his place in the Great World. It is interesting to see who succeeded in his own life.

Peter, a slow-moving man, left his native town on a beautiful morning in May, and traveled many kilometers, sometimes riding in the wagon of a friendly farmer, more often walking. He stopped one day in a pretty little town, much like others through which he had passed. He nodded his huge yellow head comfortably, and decided to stay there. He was not long in obtaining a position, soon he married, and that was the end of his adventures. His wife, a simple young girl, loved him quite as much as she could, offered him all the romance he had ever dreamed of, and suited him very well.

Aason had been a blundering boy; he had had no sense of right and wrong. Always he had been the tool of his brothers; always, he had been the one to get into trouble. So it was now. As he sauntered from his father's house one fine morning, he decided to go to America. He had no idea where America was, but off he started. After he had gone about five kilometers, he grew tired, for Aason was lazy, very lazy. He threw himself under a tree and slept. When he awakened, it was night. "No use going any farther tonight," said Aason, so he slept again.

In the morning, he continued on his journey. He reached a gay, colorful city where he bought something to eat. While he was eating, he caught sight of a man, flashily dressed, flourishing a roll of bills. Aason decided that this would mean a quick passage to America, so, with a single blow from his fist, he appropriated the money for himself. He hadn't gone far when he was "detained",

tried for robbery and attempted murder, and was imprisoned for a period of not less than ten years, not more than fifteen. Thus ends the tale of Aason.

Then there was Kari, handsome, charming, deceitful Kari. He "touched" his father for a loan, and left the village in a carriage. For four years he dropped from sight, to be seen again in Paris, at Monte Carlo, at Seville. Very much "un homme du monde" was this Kari, whose father toiled over a forge, steaming and perspiring. Now he was no longer Kari, however; he was Count Raoul Rostof, a refugee from Russia. Polished, suave, blasé, was this young man, a credit to his poor, honest father. Yet he remained in France many years,—for he loved this life,—ever moving about, ever on his guard.

Only Johan was left at home, despised, ridiculed, neglected. Would he, too, leave? If his father ever thought of him, he must have wondered. Until the others had left, Johan was lifeless, distant, but a year made a great change in him. The people of the town realized this and whispered to one another: "What has come over this Johan, this son of Ivan?" And no one knew, not even his father.

The truth was that Johan had had published a volume of his poetry—weird, breathless poetry filled with a kind of loneliness, more than a touch of sadness. Certainly, he was changed. With the money he obtained, he, too, left, and traveled. He continued to write, giving his sickly body little care. He was appreciated, made much of, and he forgot the troubles of his early life. Now, his poetry was of love, happiness, glory, and still he was successful, prosperous.

The four never met, nor did they ever think of each other. Each had his own life, but by chance word reached Peter that his father desired to see his sons again, to hear their stories. With much trouble he succeeded in communicating with Kari, and even Aason, but Johan could not be located.

The three returned to their home, and stood around the old man's bed. Peter was now a wealthy farmer, with a growing family and a good wife. His lot was one to be thankful for, surely. In his heavy way he was happy.

Aason was more bitter; after he had been set free, he had wandered about, stealing, working only when he was forced to. He had no future to think of, but so long as he might sleep, he would suffer no actual discomfort.

The colorful Kari was happy in his way. He led a wild life, a full life, but it suited his temperament. He freely admitted that he enjoyed it.

Poor Ivan sighed and tossed on his bed. None was the reincarnation of him himself. Then came a wild hope. Might the little one have cast off his sickness and fear and become commanding? Oh, that his hopes might be realized! So he ordered a search to be made for his son, Johan. It was a long, discouraging search, and Ivan feared he would never be found.

He was finally found, however, in America—that "golden land of opportunities," and he returned immediately to Prussia. It was a triumphant homecoming for the prodigal; the whole town was prepared to welcome him.

When the carriage stopped, the crowd cheered, but when he appeared, delicate and frail looking, it was hushed. Was Ivan to be disappointed again? Then the crowd noticed his self control, his bearing. His dignity as he entered his father's house, his calm air of assurance marked him as a leader, a conqueror. Even Ivan recognized his superiority.

Johan was distinguished in the literary world, but no honor bestowed by the critics was as sweet to his ears as that which his family paid him when he was received on an equal footing with his brothers.

M. Keegan

The Dangerous Game

(A Serial Story in Three Parts)

Synopsis of Preceding Installments)

Richard Cardigan, socialite and detective, while disguised as a "down-and-outer," overhears a group of crooks from the underworld, plotting to steal The Celestial Diamond, a jewel of untold value, belonging to Dolores DeVere. One of the band, a girl of rare beauty, is instructed to attend the DeVere ball in the guise of a French countess and locate the hiding place of the jewel. After her confederates have stolen it, she is to leave town with the Chief. Tho she is not desirous of accompanying The Chief, she finally consents to play her part. Cardigan resolves to beat the crooks at their own game. To do this, he attends the DeVere ball at which the hostess wears The Celestial Diamond. The girl, disguised as a French countess, is present according to instructions, and challenges Cardigan's attention. When she leaves the house he follows her back into the underworld. He has little difficulty in gaining admission to the underworld den. When he is about to abandon the case as hopeless, he hears voices and looks through the keyhole just in time to see the same countess step from an apparently blank wall.

(Part III)

He realized at once what had happened. She had come through a paneled door, cleverly camouflaged. He gasped again as he looked at her for she was again the product of the underworld. The blue gown had given way to a short skirted dress of obviously cheap make and her face was, as the night before, pale and colorless.

"Make-up," said Cardigan, "And she's darn clever with it too."

"Well," she was asking, "Have you bozos got that stone?"

"Bet your fool neck," said Holy Joe, scornfully as he drew a soiled and dirty rag from his pocket, "Did ya think we'd come back without it."

Against the filthy background, the Celestial Diamond winked and flashed almost evilly.

"What a stone," gloated Holy Joe.

"Too bad it's gotta be cut," said Slinkie taking another drink by way of consolation.

"Oh, leave the booze alone," the girl admonished wearily. "You bums get my—," she broke off as Holy Joe held up a somewhat shaky hand.

"He's comin'," he said as there sounded a faint tap tap. He hastily rewrapped the stone and thrust it into an inside pocket. "Turn off that light and light this here lamp," he commanded Meg. As Meg came forward to place the lamp on the table the paneled door slid silently open and a man, aided by a crutch, stepped into the glow of the lamplight. Without a word to them he hobbled across the room and sank into a chair.

"Well?" he demanded.

Holy Joe produced the stone and the man sat hunched over it studying it, his companions apparently forgotten.

In his turn Cardigan studied him with keen interest. The man's hair was snow white, a black patch covered one eye and one shoulder was thrown forward and higher than the other, hence the need of the crutch. The man was hopelessly deformed and as far as he knew Cardigan had never laid eyes on him before. His eyes wandered to the girl who was standing well back in the dim shadows. Suddenly the man jamming the stone into his pocket, turned to her.

"It's a very pretty stone, my dear," he said, leering at her. "It will bring in enough to allow you to have all your little heart wishes for. Come here to me," he added.

"Nothing doin'," said Meg, backing away from him.

"No?" the man's voice was dangerously soft, "No?" he queried again.

"No," she shot back defiantly.

"Will you come here or will I have to send Slinkie to bring you here?"

She advanced slowly as Cardigan tightening his grip on his gun quietly and softly turned the knob and just as quietly swung the door back from its frame. With panther like swiftness he slipped inside and closed it. So quick and so unexpected had been his entrance that for an instance no one moved. Then the Chief went for his gun.

"I wouldn't," said Cardigan in a cool, determined voice, "It might not be healthy. Put 'em up," he commanded, "and you, too," this to the drink laden Joe and Slinkie who needed no second invitation to elevate their hands toward the ceiling. "As for you," to the girl, "Frisk these birds."

She obeyed with alacrity and brought the guns to him.

"Now then you," he snapped at the Chief, "Hand over that stone."

"So that's you're game," he said a little thickly and leaping to his feet with catlike grace jumped for the exit and turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of a small but capable automatic.

"I wouldn't," said the girl mimicking Cardigan.

So unexpected had been his move that but for the timely interference of the girl he might have escaped. Slinkie and Holy Joe sat dumbfounded as the man they knew as the Chief walked without the aid of his crutch to the chair he had just vacated. For an instant he sat slumped in his chair, eyes narrowed to mere slits. But again the girl divined his purpose.

"Turn on that switch," she commanded Cardigan tersely.

He obeyed and the Chief, frustrated again, snarled at her in a mad rage, "I'll get you for this if it takes the rest of my life." She laughed scornfully and still keeping the three men covered turned to Cardigan.

"Well," she asked, "What are you doing at this party?"

"Who are you?" he countered.

She laughed. "Fortunately, I have my card with me." With a dexterous twist of her hand she flipped a card upon the table. Cardigan gasped. It was the Ace of Diamonds! The card carried as an identification mark for certain members of the Secret Service.

"Covered," he said when he had regained his scattered wits.

The girl nodded briefly and glanced at her wristwatch. "Don't you think it might be wise to tie up our friends?" she asked and stood by while Cardigan bound them to their chairs. Having disposed of them he turned to the man who sat still and sullen, glaring intently at the girl who, in turn, studied him as intently. Cardigan leaned against the door enjoying the situation immensely. His eyes fell upon the crutch and he stooped to pick it up. With a snarl of bestial rage the man leaped at him but again the girl intervened. Cool and determined she blocked the way motioning him back to his chair where he sat held in the grip of an overpowering rage. The crutch, Cardigan found extremely heavy for its purpose.

"Hmm," he mused, "It will be interesting to examine this later."

He glanced at the girl who crouched forward and sprang at the man. She snatched at his hair and fell back holding a wig in her hands.

"I thought so," she said and taking up the lamp she placed it in the window.

Immediately came the sound of battering, the crash of a falling door and heavy footsteps ascending.

"It's Callahan, from headquarters," she explained and went to open the door.

A big, bluff man stepped into the doorway and said heartily, as his eye fell upon Cardigan, "You old son of a gun, I didn't know you were in on this party."

"Hello, Callahan," called the girl. "Send Peterson in for this assortment," indicating Slinkie and Holy Joe.

"Sure enough," agreed Callahan then after surveying the two he exclaimed, "What luck! Both Slinkie and Holy Joe and we got the Spider as he was coming in. Some haul. Here you," he prodded them to their feet, "Get along with ye. Take 'em straight to headquarters, Peterson."

He went with them to the head of the stairs and came back beaming good-naturedly.

"A good night's work," he praised; then, as his eye fell upon the man crouching in his chair, "Who is this gentleman?"

The girl shook her head, "Perhaps if we remove some of that makeup," she suggested.

Cardigan came forward and began methodically and with experienced fingers to remove the carefully applied makeup. Callahan held the man down while the girl stood guard with her gun. The man struggled frantically but gave in with the same hopelessness with which his struggles had begun.

"Stop," he cried, "As long as you're bound to find out who I am, at least," with mock politeness, "allow me to introduce myself."

With the words he stood up and carefully removed the hump from his shoulders. Then before the interested eyes he removed the last traces of the paint that had covered his face.

"My God," said Cardigan and Callahan in the same breath, "It's Gardner!"

"Yes, Gardner," said the man whom they all knew as one of them. Gardner who loved the game as well as the best of them, Gardner the man who had broken up the "Two Gun Gang," desperados terrifying the city into dread at the mere whisper of their name. Gardner, respected and liked by his co-workers, feared almost as much as the great Cardigan by the denizens of the underworld.

"But, Gardner, old man—," began Cardigan when Gardner cut in with quiet venom.

"Why did I do it, eh?"

Both Cardigan and Callahan nodded silently.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said and at the deadly hatred in his voice even Cardigan drew back and the girl moved closer to him. Gardner's eyes followed the move contemptuously. "Just like a woman to scorn the loser, eh what?"

Cardigan started forward angrily but the girl, placing a tiny hand upon his arm, stopped him and the man went on speaking.

"Cardigan, damn you," he said viciously, "If you hadn't been in this game I'd have never done this. But you with you're damn idea of playing the lone hand and your luck. Man, I could have killed you for it. I was all for getting you the night you finished Old Man Blue but again, because you worked alone, I lost out. If I'd gotten you that night you'd have been out, apparently sent West by one of the gang you went after. And I would be the Lone Hand for I could have taken your place."

"Gardner, you old fool," said Cardigan. "Why didn't you tell me you felt like this?"

"Go to hell," sneered Gardner, "There was a better way. I'd beat you at your own game. And I would have, too, if this young lady," he bowed mockingly at the girl, "hadn't gummed the works. I had all the inside dope and so I could make my plans without fear of interference. But for Cardigan I would be leaving this town right now and for good, too. But the lone hand, I couldn't get away from it. You and your damn lone hand play got me but you, Cardigan, you'll never bring me in," he taunted as with a lightning like movement he carried a tiny phial to his lips. Its effect was instantaneous. With a convulsive movement of pain he slid from his chair to the floor and lay quiet.

A low sob from the girl brough Cardigan to her side. Placing an arm about her shoulders he lead her from that room of crime and death.

"But I say," protested Cardigan three weeks later, "How did you know that it was I?"

"That was easy," laughed the girl. "I took your dictation for a whole week once and you never knew me."

"Good heavens," smiled Cardigan. "Don't accuse me of such gross ignorance."

"But you didn't," said the girl dimpling adorably, so Cardigan thought, "I was Miss Moore."

"Not that awful frumpish looking old maid?"

"Exactly," she laughed enjoying his chagrin, "You see you and your idea of playing the lone hand gave me an idea that I would like to do the same thing so I went to study you. The night in the cafe I recognized you because of the little habit you have of chewing at your under lip when you are lost in thought. I watched you for a whole hour and made quite sure. Believe me, I was angry when I found you on the case stealing my thunder and then it struck me funny because all unconsciously you were no longer playing the lone hand so I let you in on things by being quite unnecessarily loud about some few of our plans."

"I see," Cardigan grinned.

"Now please tell me all about that crutch," she begged.

"Oh, that," Cardigan made a grimace of distaste, "That was a cleverly constructed hiding place for the hauls Gardner pulled off. The base came out and we found several of the jewels that could not be disposed of in this country cached in it. For instance, the Majarah Ruby and the famous Countess Cluster Opals to have been topped off by the Celestial Diamond. Speaking of diamonds," he broke off as he turned to face her.

"Barbara," he said, "I love you."

She turned to him quickly, "I'm glad," she said, "Because I love you too."

In an instant she was in his arms and he bent to kiss her saying,

"It's a dangerous game, sweetheart, No more of it for you after we're married."

She laughed softly, "It may be—but I love it because it gave me you. You have a reputation for bringing in your man and now I have brought in my man, too."

Edward Columbia '30



Restful

NOT long ago I met, while visiting in one of New England's larger cities, a former acquaintance who was living there at that time. She was anxious for me to meet her mother, who was in their car parked nearby, and, after we had been introduced, the lady kindly suggested that her daughter drive me to the place where I was staying. The way led through the busier part of the town and the traffic was very heavy. Part of the lady's conversation with me, if it could be called that, went something like this—

"You know Janet has been driving for sometime although she got her license only a few months ago. I've always said that I felt exactly as safe with her as with her father.—Janet, don't get too close to that trolley, dear—It's really remarkable how quickly she learned to drive in traffic.—Janet, there is a light three blocks ahead.—Really, you know, lights so seldom bother her, but it is always well to know when you are coming to one, don't you think so? There, in high again! Don't you hate to drive for any distance in low? I do. I always tell my husband to shift as quickly as possible, for the car vibrates so unless you do.—Janet, that man is going to step out in front of that car. No, he didn't either.—Isn't it annoying to have people popping in and out around cars? Really they are so careless!—This bus is crowding in on your left, dear.—It seems terrible to allow bus drivers to be so selfish, doesn't it? I can't understand why they let them drive on the same streets with pleasure cars anyway, do you?—There's a road from the right here, dear. You know I always tell Daddy to slow down here and be very careful. It's such a dangerous corner! I know you were only going twenty, but fifteen would be much better through here.

Do you ever notice the way other people drive? I always tell Janet to, for I think one learns so much by observation, don't you? —Give your signal now for the turn, dear.—It's really much better to signal sometime in advance, I believe. I always insist that Janet keep her hand out for at least half a block. You know I used to drive a horse myself, and it's remarkable how similar it is to driving a car. They used to say that I was a very careful driver. But I don't believe that anyone can be too cautious, do you?

Janet has a friend who has a car of his own and you should see him drive! It's positively a menace to any community. Why sometimes he goes as fast as fifty miles an hour! And I, myself, have seen him drive while lighting his pipe at the same time,—Janet, don't squeeze between those cars. I'm sure there isn't room.—

We have enjoyed our car so much. We've really had very little trouble so far, though we may have worse luck next year.—Janet, somehow it feels rather

bumpy on this side. You don't suppose the tire is flat, do you? No? Well, I suppose it is this road, then. They are very poor for a city of this size.—

Oh, is this where you are staying, my dear? Oh, it is nothing, I assure you. We were only to glad to drive you home and I enjoyed talking with you so much. I think riding is so restful after a day's shopping, don't you?"

Carolyn Stafford

The Long Lost Art

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Owen Meredith

FROM the above lines one may easily surmise that the writer lived before the time of balanced diet. I am positive that he was never forced to partake of spinach, carrots, oatmeal, prunes, liver, and ever so many other vile stuffs merely because they contained those valuable vitamins. Indeed, it is very evident that one so inspired to write such odes on cookery lived in those dear, but never to-be-forgotten decades of the past when eleven course dinners, that were planned to tickle one's palate rather than to supply the necessary number of calories, were the mode.

Ah, yes those were the days for me,—when it was safe to have mince or apple pie for breakfast; when pastries were not bad for children; when light midnight suppers consisting of delectable coffee, wines, lobster, sweet Virginia baked ham, chicken, and luscious sweets galore were the rule. One wasn't considered normal unless he ate two or three times between his three and sometimes four hearty meals. In fact, men very wisely believed in building up the system by a constant intake of good, substantial food. They treated themselves like human beings, while we, on the contrary, think we can starve ourselves into health. Then we pile insult upon injury by consuming such large quantities of hay and leafy vegetables that we should seem to be true donkeys were we to judge from our diet.

As a result of their gastronomic feats the people of long ago were healthy, energetic, jolly, tolerant people. Suppose three-fourths of them did die or were invalids before they were forty? Ordinary folks did not want to be Methusalahs, anyway. Maybe they were a trifle slow and indolent but were not eating, drinking and sleeping their sole objects in life? Perhaps they were acerbative but since they weren't angels, they thought it all right to work off an attack of irritability due to indigestion or some other internal disorder, on their fellow-beings. It was very bad for one's liver if one tried to check this attack. Most certainly it was weak to allow the old and established customs of their esteemed ancestors to be changed by the new ideas of young whippersnappers.

Nowadays, the people eat not at all for the sake of pleasing the gullet but for assimilating some doctor's queer fancies,—vitamines, proteins and carbohydrates, things that cannot be seen, felt or smelled, but only tasted—and such a disagreeable taste.

All the truly powerful nations of the past paid the greatest respect to the goddess of the kitchen, and when they ceased to worship at her shrine, what happened? Their downfall! (a well-deserved punishment). The degeneration of the culinary art in this country is a true indication of how rapidly America is going to the dogs.

G. J. Simmons '30

The Impressions of a Sophomore on Entering P. H. S.

THEY say that truth is stranger than fiction, and, indeed, I found it so upon entering P. H. S. It was difficult to adjust myself to the new and strange conditions, and the change from junior to senior high was a bit bewildering. When I arrived at school, I was, of course, herded into the auditorium with the rest of the babbling innocents. It is poor policy on the part of the principal to do this, for in the case of seeing the auditorium, neither the classical saying "Eventually—why not now?" or "See the auditorium first" would apply—at least not if it is in any degree desired that the incoming pupils receive a good first impression of the school. However, the office had not been enlightened by me on this psychological fact then, and so it is that my first impression of Pittsfield High was of an enormously large and enormously ugly auditorium, and of the agonizing combination of purple crepe paper and varnished golden oak.

Later on I was puzzled by the fact that all the members of the faculty either looked just alike or else were one and the same man, with grey hair, a grey suit, eyeglasses, and a general worried look. But I soon discovered, that it was not one man but at least two—Mr. Strout and Mr. Ford—and perhaps another, of an unknown name. For a long time I was unable to tell them apart.

I noted also, a few days later, with interest and admiration, that the girls in general and girl traffic officers in particular, wore their dresses very tightly drawn about their upper waist with a long string or sash. This, of course, rendered them very trim and coquettish, while still leaving them sufficiently girlish and demure. There were other things about them that fascinated me extremely. They stood very self-consciously straight on heels either about twelve inches high or one-half an inch low, depending on whether the heels belonged to the popular, very fancy, very high-heeled, intricately laced pump or to the equally popular extreme sport type of shoe with crepe sole and almost negligible heel. It does not occur to the girls, perhaps, that there may be a happy medium between these two extremes. I was, however, glad to see that some girls were sensible about the matter of foot-gear, and very laudably and prudently had prepared themselves for the imminent bursting of the water pipes leading to the bubblers, by wearing fine, protective, high boots of a vicious copper color. It was also heartening to notice the wholesome tendency of the girls to take care of their health, in the fact that, although they wore thin silk stockings, they prudently protected their ankles (one of the most delicate and sensitive parts of the anatomy, as Dr. Fritz Racheinburg of the

German Academy states) by the wearing of nice warm, wooly ankle-socks. It gave my grandmother new faith in the younger generation when I told her of this refreshing reversion to the old-fashioned precautions of high boots and anklets.

All sophomores usually notice the fact that most traffic officers see double, and so did I. The unnumbered times when they cried sternly, "Single file!", at some poor, lone, trembling brother soph, aroused my ire more than once. Traffic officers should refrain from voicing this admonition at least to fat girls, as it is most embarrassing for them. The boy traffic officers are, however, very polite. There is one boy on the lower floor who uses almost Raleighistic methods of chivalry in asking blundering girl sophs to pass on the other side of him. But enough of the traffic officers and collegiate beauties of P. H. S.,—I must leave their charms and turn to other things.

I soon found my own desk (which, of course, I shared with a student from the other session) a most interesting place. It contained a variety of vanity cases, combs, chewed pencil stubs, candy papers, love notes, handkerchiefs, and toilet articles from a toothbrush to a miniature towel covered with rouge marks. There were enough curiosities to keep an analytical or curious person, to say nothing of Sherlock Holmes, busy for years.

My impressions of the teachers were varied and lurid, but the fact that impressed me most about them was their humanity and individuality. This was shown especially in their handwriting. In grammar and junior high schools, we received the impression that teachers who did not write a large flowing "Palmer method" hand with beautiful "up-curves" at the end of each word, did not exist. But here in P. H. S., to our joy, we found not one teacher who wrote such a hand, but instead each teacher wrote an interesting and individual hand, some, to be sure, hard to read, but fascinating and unique. And, best of all, we found that the students were not required to write in any certain approved way, either, but might choose their own peculiar style of paper marking and use it freely. Most students, particularly the seniors, seemed to have adopted a straight up and down style, with a result bewilderingly like a picket fence,—but it is freedom, and we glory in it.

Many of these, my first impressions of P. H. S., have even now been changed and, next fall, doubtless, I shall go the way of all flesh and be lording it over the newcomers and generally acting exactly as all high school pupils have acted from the beginning of time after their first wide-eyed wonder and erratic impressions are over.

Ruth Hopkins '32

Monkey Business in the Catskills

To the Editor of *The Student's Pen*:

The last three photoplays which I have attended and several current novels which I have read have brought to my attention a lamentable situation, one that I feel is without parallel in the annals of crime and crime detection in the history of our nation. In each of the above-mentioned popular forms of entertainment, the predominant note of the story has been that popular and remunerative form of unlawful activity known as kidnapping; this strange appellation probably having been given to the act because to abduct the subject successfully, the kid must, so to speak, be caught napping.

This lexicographical dissertation, however, has no immediate bearing on the subject at hand. My lament deals with the fact that the unfortunate individual kidnapped is invariably spirited off to a secluded cabin in the Catskills, where he is held in durance vile until such time as his parents, friends, or guardians may be able to send anywhere from one to fifty thousand dollars in bills by a solitary messenger to the foot of the hollow oak, thereby restoring their loved one to the bosom of his devoted family.

My complaint is that the kidnappers' cabins are invariably situated in the heart of the aforementioned Catskills. The illustrious Washington Irving claims in *Rip Van Winkle* that on a still night one may hear the little gnomes of the mountains bowling in some impregnable fastness. I infer from my reading and attendance at cinematographic representations that today on a still night one may hear the little kidnappees of the mountains bawling in similar fastnesses. Presumably the night must be made hideous by the frightened sobbing of tiny, golden-haired mites who want their mammas, and the coarse, brutal bellowing of the thousands of assistant kidnappers who have been detailed to guard their unlucky little charges.

The landscape of the Catskills must be literally dotted with these asylums for the detention of kidnappers' victims. At all hours of the day and night high-powered Rolls-Royces, Pierce-Arrows, and vehicles of lesser magnitude may doubtless be seen darting hither, thither, and yon loaded to the utmost with cruel kidnappers and their wailing captives. It is indeed a heart-rending situation, and one that should be remedied at all costs.

I have two solutions to offer, Madam Editor.

The first is that Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton be communicated with at once, the matter laid before him, and his aid enlisted. Surely such a nature lover as he would be the first to cry out against the marring of the beautiful landscape along the Hudson by these myriad kidnappers' shacks, some of which, perhaps, even have advertising billboards around them to shield them from prying eyes. You may well imagine what a detraction to the beauties of a bountiful Nature are ugly kidnappers' shanties surrounded by glaring posters proclaiming the priases of Camels, Palmolive, and Texaco.

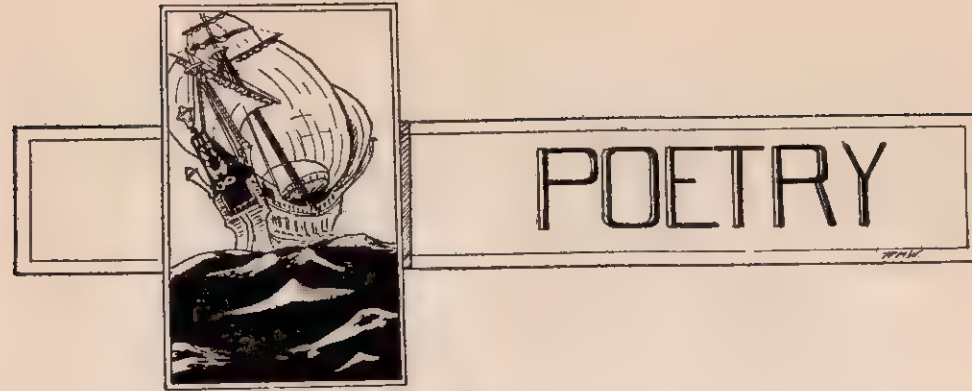
The second suggestion is that all novelists and scenario writers be assembled in a great mass meeting and made to swear by all they hold most holy never again to allude to Catskill kidnappers' cabins. Let the victims of the abductor be sequestered in Arizona, Manitoba, Venezuela, or Saskatchewan, but never again let them be imprisoned in the Catskills.

Then and only then will a great national crisis be averted, and then and only then will our children and our children's children unto the last generation be able to raise their hands to the azure vault of heaven, point to the lapidescant ranges of the lofty Catskills, and exclaim with shining eye and thankful voice: "Thar ain't a kidnapper's cabin in all them mountings."

Robert G. Newman '29

Reprinted from *The Weekly Grievance*, Mr. William Wright, Editor.

"Harry Tripp recently delivered a brief address to the faculty. It was: 'I wasn't talking, Mr. Herrick'."



Contrast

The sea was black,
 Its waves tossed
 Relentlessly.
 The moon was white,
 Cold and round.
 I laughed at them.
 They were eternal things—
 Eternal as Fate—
 And as unwavering.

The sea is blue.
 Its waves splash
 Gleefully.
 The moon is yellow,
 Large and bright.
 I smile at them,
 They are such wonderful things—
 Made for Love—
 And as Eternal.

R. M. Hill '30

The Tide

The lazy tide comes up in lazy slides
 Across the bar, green-silver on the strand;
 Lingers there a little while, and runs
 Its chilly fingers through the warm white sand.

It seeks with eager touch along the beach,
 Then slips away like some forgotten sigh
 Retreating sadly from a maiden's lips.
 The sun beats down across the salt-green sky.

J. A.

Love

It is a sweet, tender spirit
 A fragile, dainty soul—
 It comes on tip toe,
 It leaves on wings,
 A dream—a grace.
 What can it be?
 Not a worldly wonder,
 Just a touch from Above
 That comes to every one of us
 Mortals call it "Love."

Ellen Davis '29

India

India, land of strangest sights,
 India, land of untold delights,
 Thy jewels gleam.
 Thy dagger's sheen
 Is seen
 Within thy gardens.
 India, where the cobra's sting
 Is felt while the temple bells ring.
 Land of intrigue,
 Land of perfidy,
 Land of mystery,
 India!

Helen Bump '29

An Old Theatre

We see it looming
 In the star-light,
 Quite abandoned, very lonely.
 But there's life within its portals;
 Shades and creatures slink and glide there,
 Through the darkness into moon-light.
 Shades of actors long forgotten,
 Creatures we have never seen.

So we leave it
 In the star-light,
 Looming dark against the starlight
 Happy in its memories.

Helen Bump '29



The Adventures of a Librarian

Harlan H. Ballard

BECAUSE the *Adventures of a Librarian* was written by a prominent local man and is about the work of the Berkshire Athenaeum, it should be read with unusual interest by every citizen of our city. The book deals with the growth and prosperity of our library from the time (forty years ago) when Mr. Ballard first became its custodian to the present day. The story is not a dull account, but one which fairly overflows with the colorful recollections of the author.

In the pages of this book you will meet many former Pittsfield men and women who have contributed toward the city's fame. You will meet many famous authors who have never seen our city but who are known here through their books. You will learn, too, why the card files were purchased, how the display table was added to the athenaeum's equipment. You will discover that our library should be a source of pride to every public spirited citizen.

These facts, however, do not constitute the main interest in the book. Back of everything the reader can see a portrayal of the splendid character of the author, Mr. Harlan Ballard. One is pleasantly surprised to find that a librarian's life is not one of drab monotony but rather a life full of adventure. In the story the author proves to be much more than a librarian—a kind councillor to those in trouble, a learned scholar to those seeking information, a friendly helper to those in need of aid.

Vera Victoreen

What Everybody Wanted

Elsie Singmaster

ONE for all—Lucien never could decide whether he wanted to marry Mamma, Marian, or Arietta Lee; and all for one—Mamma, Marian, and Arietta Lee were perfectly sure that they wanted to marry Lucien.

This is the situation in Bon Air, Maryland, where Mamma (accented on the last syllable always) with her two daughters, Marian and Arietta Lee, lived in a charming home bequeathed to Marian by her departed father, Osborne Young. Osborne had been a dreamer in life, but he showed much common sense and foresight when he left his home to his capable eldest daughter instead of to his wife.

As the story progresses the following complications present themselves: Mamma decides to marry Lucien. Why not? He is but five years her junior, and a wealthy lawyer. Lucien decides to marry Marian. And Arietta Lee decides to kill herself unless she marries Lucien.

But there appears on the scene one Henry Abenchain, wealthy Baltimore merchant, who is enchanted by Mamma's beauty, and by whose pocketbook Mamma is equally fascinated. She suddenly changes her mind about the merits of Lucien.

Comes, too, Alec le Conte, a fiery-haired but mild tempered young violinist, who plays his way into Marian's heart, leaving the much neglected Lucien for his true love, Lee.

Grace Mochrie '29

"Duskin"

Grace Livingston Hill

DUSKIN" is a romance of youth. The story centers around Carol Brewster, the young secretary of a large construction company. The company has a contract with two men to build a fourteen-story building within a limited length of time. The same two incidentally turn out to be the villains. John Duskin, a young engineer, is given the job; but hard luck attends him at every turn. Little delays, such as rivets becoming lost and material not arriving on time, all go to prevent the building from progressing as rapidly as possible.

At the illness of her employer, Carol goes West to discharge Duskin, whom she believes to have been bribed to stop work on the building. But Duskin refuses to be fired. He continues on with his work, entirely ignoring Carol. Finally he convinces her that he is doing his best and she helps him as best she can. The building is finished on time, the villiany uncovered, and everything turns out well including the marriage of Carol and Duskin. It is a charming story, cleverly worked out, with a touch of the joyousness of youth which should appeal to everyone.

Martha Hawley, P. G.

M. Tobey: "I hear you have a position in a bank."

Unidentified Male: "Uh huh."

M. Tobey: "That's fine. What are you? Cashier?"

Unidentified Male: "Nope; draft clerk."

M. Tobey: "Is that so?"

Unidentified Male: "Yes. I open and shut the doors and windows and look after the ventilators."

* * * *

Tales in an Overland No. 1

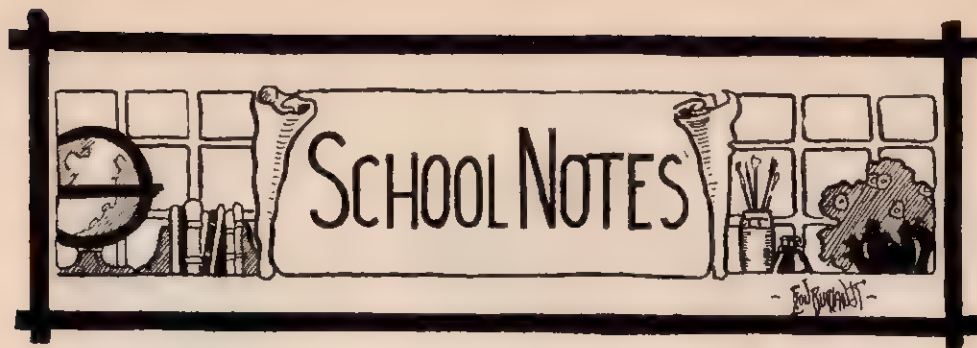
W. Nesbit (about to make a left-hand turn): "Is there anyone behind me?"

H. Preston: "No, they're all up ahead of us."

* * * *

Clem Moore: "You sit on every joke I write."

Joke Editor: "I wouldn't if there was a point to them."



Assembly

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL was very fortunate in obtaining for the assembly of April 18th Dr. Graflin of New York, who was in Pittsfield as the guest of the Hi-Y Society of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Strout introduced Dr. Graflin, who spoke on the subject, "A Six Point Living in a Three Way World." According to Dr. Graflin the three most important things in life are hard work, proper and high-toned associations, and genuine and sincere worship. He also stated that to enjoy a profitable life one must possess six qualities, namely: good health, a growing mind, a spirit of economy, the ability to pray, a genuine spirit of service, and a sunny, sociable attitude.

Ruth A. McGeoch

Coach Carmody

COACH CARMODY has ended his coaching duties at P. H. S. after eight long, trying, but successful years. During this time he turned out more championship teams than all our previous coaches. His name will long be remembered as a symbol of championship teams, fair play, sportsmanship. While it was impossible for him to turn out championship teams every year, he never failed to turn out a group of gentlemen, fine players and clean fighters. The coach's fine example and teachings will be sorely missed by those fellows whom he has worked with and by those who will play on P. H. S. teams in the future.

John Donna

The Awarding of Letters and Student Council Pins

THE assembly of April 23rd was divided into two sections; first, the awarding of letters to the boys who played on the basketball team; second, the awarding of pins to the members of the Students' Council, and the explaining of what the Council is doing for the school.

The first section was under the auspices of the Varsity Club, so John Donna, the president, acted as Chairman. He introduced as the first speaker, Mr. Carmody, who spoke of the meaning of a school letter and told of the hard work necessary in order to win this award. Mr. Strout then asked Mr. Carmody to present the letters to the following basketball men: Wayne Frisch, manager, "Tommy" Curtin, "Swede" Olson, "Len" Culverhouse, "Dave" Mountain, "Lando" Froio, "Freno" Froio, "Granny" Pruyne, "Milt" Selkowitz, "Billy" Hanford, "Jimmy" Vaccaro, "Johnny" Conry, "Bill" Donald, "Mike" Shelsey and "Bill" Kelly, Captain.

The assembly was then placed in charge of Sidney Smith, President of the Students' Council. The first speaker introduced was Jonathan England, who spoke of the first Council in P. H. S. and its members. He concluded by telling the duties and objectives of the present Council.

The next speaker, Thomas Joyce, then enumerated the many helpful changes that the Council has made and asked for more cooperation from the students so that the Council may continue its work.

Mr. Strout then presented pins to the members of the Council, who are: Sidney Smith, Edwin McLaughlin, Nita Herbert, James McKenna, Wayne Roberts, Victor Wagner, Roger O'Gara, Thomas Joyce, Roger Nicholls, Doris Bently, Phyllis Newmarker, Gemma Duri, Dorothy Corley, Henry Schachte, Norman Dellert, William Coty, Calvin Hannum, Jonathan England, Margaret Foster, and Martin Pierson.

M. Mc Claren

College Conferences

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL was fortunate enough to have the privilege of hearing the representatives from various colleges and normal schools thru out the East. At the assemblies held on May 14th and May 15th, the commercial and central schools had four speakers each. The speakers of the afternoon session were entirely different on both days from those of the morning section. Thru the assemblies, much interest was aroused for the night conferences of May 15th.

On the night of May 15th, these same representatives and others from the many well-known colleges, held conferences with both parents and pupils interested in admission to college. At this time, the representative conferred personally with each person desirous of information concerning his choice of school. Thus many pupils secured valuable information which they probably could not have otherwise gained.

Irene Lutz '29

Varsity Club Notes

THE Varsity Club met recently in the lecture room for action upon two important issues.

The first issue under discussion was the style of school letter suitable for the Debating Team. After having heard various opinions, the general opinion seemed to be that, although the orators undoubtedly deserved recognition for their efforts, the present varsity letter was not in accordance with the nature of the competition and the traditional beliefs. Consequently, the club voted that the president recommend to Mr. Strout the old English designed letter for the debaters.

The second point under discussion was to decide upon a suitable farewell gift for Coach Carmody. After much discussion, it was decided to present our former coach with a watch.

Dwight Campbell, Sec'y.

The Junior Prom

PLANS for the semi-annual Prom dance sponsored by the Junior A class are well under way. The dance will be held on June twenty-first at the Girls' League. The Merry Maker's orchestra has been engaged to play and, although nothing really definite has been decided about decorations, it is thought that they may be modernistic. The class has decided to invite the alumni of the past two years, and special tickets bearing their names are being printed. These will be one dollar and a half a couple. Tickets for the high school students will be seventy-five cents each. Refreshments will be sold during the intermission.

The general chairman of the Prom committees is Michael Condron; the vice-chairman is Charles Mattison. The committees are as follows: ticket committee, William Holden and Carlton White; decoration committee, Anna Butler, Florence McDowell, Myron Michelman, and John Coniel; entertainment committee, Doris Granger, Irma Lazette, Winthrop Tabor, and Sherman Hicks; reception committee, Ellen Frey, Phyllis Newmarker, Jonathan England, and William Briggs; and the refreshment committee, Richard Gibbons, Mary Keegan, Carolyn Stafford, and Harold Munson.

Carolyn Stafford

"The Mock Trial"

AT six-thirty o'clock, on the evening of April twenty-third, under the auspices of the Debating Club, the trial of the State versus James McKenna and James Cohn for the murder of Kenneth Foote, was held in the Superior Court of the Pittsfield High School.

Immediately after the jury was impanelled, the State Prosecutor, Edwin McLaughlin, opened the case for the State. His witnesses were Dr. Jonathan England, William Andrews, the police sergeant; Harold Rollins, finger print expert; Donald Baker, police patrolman; Martha Levine, the cook at the Foote household; Frances Simpson, the maid, and James Cohn.

The lawyer for the defendant, James Martineau, built his case up on the testimony of his client, James McKenna, and of Sidney Cohn, a detective of Sing Sing Prison. Mr. Sidney Cohn's testimony added a humorous touch to the trial which was otherwise extremely grim and serious. In his arguments for his client, Mr. Martineau explained that Mr. McKenna could not be guilty as he was found locked in a closet whose lock could not be fitted by any key in the aforesaid closet. Thus, he asked that his client be acquitted of the charge brought upon by the State.

At this, Mr. McLaughlin withdrew his charge against Mr. Cohn and asked that Mr. McKenna be convicted of first degree murder. Shortly after this, the jury left for a deliberation of ten minutes and returned with the verdict of guilty, sentencing McKenna to life imprisonment.

Bartlett Hendricks, the judge, then explained the real solution, saying that Mr. McKenna, after having locked himself in the closet, filed the key and thus it would not open the door. This made it appear that he was locked in by the murderer and that he himself was an innocent man.

Honor Pupils

IS there any greater desire in a high school career than that desire of being an honor pupil? Are there any pupils as much envied as those who have won that honor?

The honor pupils of P. H. S. are small in number. Perhaps it is due to the two session plan which makes studying more difficult; but the most probable reason is the new marking system. The change in that system has decreased the number of honor students greatly, but it has also made the honor a greater one for those who are able to obtain it. In order to be an honor pupil, a student must have obtained at least 95% in four of his subjects and not less than 85% in any other subjects he may take. Alas, his conduct is taken into consideration for unless he receives an attitude mark of "one" in each subject, he is not eligible for the honor list.

This year our honor list contained only fourteen names, twelve from the morning session, and two from the afternoon session. The honor pupils are as follows: Eugene Dorfman, Margaret Baker, Harold Rollins, Elizabeth Whitney, Richard Eby, Josephine Enright, Rita Fahey, Isabel MacCulloch, Kathryn Schlatterer, Ritabelle Mirmow, Ellen Frey and Paul Wetstein from the morning session and Ruth Hopkins and Betty Browne from the afternoon session.

These pupils deserve much credit for their splendid work as well as for their exemplary attitude.

Elizabeth Hollis '29

News Notes

According to the eminent astronomer, Mr. Jawn Donna, who has made a name for himself as a deep-sea diver, **SPRING IS ON THE WAY**. When interviewed, Mr. Donna said that he had engaged in much research on the subject.

"I base my prediction," he said, "on a rather technical reason. While looking through my telescope last Tuesday night, I was startled to see that the storm-doors of P. H. S. were being removed. At first I thought of robbery, but then I remembered that it is an old custom in this city to have the storm-doors removed when spring is at hand. Yes, gentlemen, spring is here."

This department is rather ashamed to have to fall back on Mr. H. K. Webber for news, but in view of his latest feat, we cannot afford to ignore him. He has turned poet. The boards of room 11 are simply filled with the rhythmic cadence of Mr. Webber's doggerel. He seems never to be at a loss for material, taking anything from downy daffodils to beautiful women.

Mr. Eugene Dorfman discovered last Thursday morning while preparing to shave, that nothing is more enthusiastic, spontaneous, and unperturbed by convention than a tube of shaving cream erupting from the wrong end.

English teachers of this institution will be delighted to learn that some of their pupils have not only budded but flowered forth in the full bloom of genius. They are editing newspapers which have to do with the problems of inter-school life. Among the more prominent of these are *The Daily Howl*, *The Nite Club Revue*, and the sheet so ably managed by Brother R. G. Newman. Representatives from *The Eagle* are on the job trying to get these men to accept stellar positions with them.



Pittsfield 12—Berkshire Prep 9

Pittsfield High opened its baseball season with a victory over Berkshire Prep at Sheffield in an eleven inning battle.

The game was very loosely played throughout and few extraordinary plays were made. The sun raised havoc with both teams' fielding and, as a result, many balls that would have been easy outs were turned into base hits.

In the fourth inning, Berkshire scored five runs and went into the lead, but not for long, however, as Pittsfield made another one of its distinguished rallies, that made P. H. S. so famous in Berkshire County last year. In this inning Pittsfield scored six runs and the tide changed. Pittsfield led 9 to 7 going into the ninth but the prep school boys scored two runs before "Lando" Froio, was called in from right field to put a halt to the hitting. This he did in grand style.

Aubrey, Hanford, Mahon, and Froio pitched for P. H. S., while Captain "Freno" Froio and Earl Neissel led the attack at the bat. Walker and Fobes played well for Berkshire.

Pittsfield 13—Williamstown 7

Coach Ferry's baseball team annexed a victory over the strong Williamstown high team on the Common by the score of 13 to 7.

Williamstown threw a scare in the home team in the second inning when they secured five runs. They added another in the following inning before Pittsfield could score. By clean hitting, Pittsfield made three runs in the fourth inning, but could not add to their total until the eighth when they drove out ten runs putting the game on ice and knocking Walden from the box. The climax to this rally was a scorching home run by "Tommy" Curtin who made a hit to deep left field with two men on bases.

Aubrey hurled the entire game for the locals. "Howie" Storie and "Red" Aronstein were the big hitters, the former with three singles and "Red" with a double and single.

Dalton 6—Pittsfield 5

Pittsfield High lost its first game of the season to Dalton on Wednesday, May 15, at Dalton.

Pittsfield went into the lead by scoring two runs in the second and were not headed until the final inning. "Len" Culverhouse socked a home run to center field with a man on base.

Each team scored three runs in the fifth and going into the last inning the count was tied. Pittsfield had two men on bases but could not score. Dalton

had two men on bases and scored when Vaccaro, who had the Dalton batters buffaloed in the three innings he worked, made a wild pitch and the winning run came home.

"Howie" Storie made a double and a triple and "Len" Culverhouse, a home run and a single. Hanford and Vaccaro shared the pitching burden.

Berkshire Prep 83—Pittsfield 20

The powerful Berkshire Prep track team overwhelmed Pittsfield High 83 to 20 at Sheffield May eleventh.

Townley of Berkshire was high scorer of the meet with 15 points gathered by three victories. Scobie, also of Berkshire, was not far behind with one point less than his teammate.

"Joe" Abrahms scored eight points for Pittsfield by dint of a victory in the 220-yard dash, and he also secured a second place. "Granny" Pruyne placed second twice in the half mile run and the low hurdles. Captain "Bob" Pierson, "Joe" Horrigan, and "Al" Jenny were the other Pittsfield boys to place.

* * * *

"How much gas have we, Algernon?"

"Egad, Koozma, it points to one-half, but whether the bally thing means half full or half empty, I don't know."

* * * *

Game Warden: "Hey, young man, what's the idea of hunting with a last year's license?"

Biles: "Oh, I'm only shooting at the birds I missed last year."

* * * *

Another One on Billy

Garage man: "Check your oil?"

Nesbit: "No, I'll take it with me."

* * * *

Mr. Allan: "What's this! Is someone smoking back there?"

Equus Hendricks: "No, sir; it's only the fog I'm in."

* * * *

M. Harawitz: "How much is 5q and 5q?"

P. Lipson: "10q."

M. Harawitz: "You're welcome."

* * * *

Economy

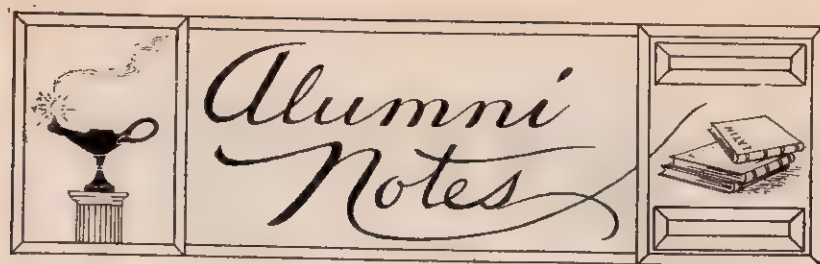
Patient: "You've pulled three teeth instead of one."

Dentist: "I know it. I gave you too much gas and it would have been a shame to waste it."

* * * *

Another Example of Scotch Thrift

A Scotchman in Detroit recently went to an information bureau with a pair of wrinkled kilts under his arm and inquired the way to the Detroit Free Press.



Daniel England--P. H. S. 1886



DANIEL ENGLAND was in the class of 1886 at the Pittsfield High School. Upon completing his formal education he entered the business—England Brothers—with which he has been intimately associated ever since. In 1891 he became a member of the firm of which he now is vice-president.

In 1896 he was elected a member of the common council in Ward Seven—the first democrat to carry the republican stronghold of those years. In 1897 he was chosen a member of the state house of representatives, where he was appointed to the committee on railroads. In the Berkshire delegation that year among others were W. Murray Crane, afterwards governor and United States senator, William A. Whittlesey, senator, and William B. Plunkett, who was in the executive council. Roger Wolcott was governor.

In 1902 he served the city as mayor. For business reasons he did not seek a second term.

In 1902 President Theodore Roosevelt visited Pittsfield. In the democratic primaries on Tuesday, September 14, 1926, Mr. England was nominated for state treasurer. In November, 1928, he was chosen an elector to act on behalf of Alfred E. Smith who, in the contest for president, carried Massachusetts. He was fuel administrator during the World war under appointment by James J. Storrow of Boston, who was in charge of the Massachusetts sector. He was designated by Robert F. Herrick to promote the sale of thrift stamps in Berkshire County, for the same period.

When Pittsfield decided, in 1908, to enlarge its water works by the construction of the \$1,000,000 Farnham reservoir, Mr. England was appointed by Mayor William H. Mac Innis to serve as a member of the Commission. In 1925 he purchased the triangular plot of land directly east of the union railroad station, holding it until such time as the purpose for the utilization of the property as the Zenas Crane memorial park could be accomplished. The memorial was duly erected and was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on June 6, 1926.

Mr. England is president of the Pittsfield Industrial Development Company which has operated so effectively and progressively in the eastern part of the city.

He is a former president of the Rotary club, a director of the Boys' club which was established by Zenas Crane for the benefit of the boys of Pittsfield and Dalton, vice-president of the Morris Plan bank and a member of the Country club and Park club.

His faith in the city has been manifested in many ways. The expansion of the department store, recently referred to in an article in the *Boston Transcript* as "a great institution", is concrete evidence of this confidence which Mr. England never allows to diminish. In his younger days he was prominent in athletics. He retains this early interest in all wholesome sports.

A man of humane instincts, charitable, kindly and just, Mr. England has proved himself worthy of the best traditions of his native New England. He is in that group of forward-looking citizens to whom the community instinctively turns when vital problems are to be solved.

To the vision, courage and public spirit of these men Pittsfield owes a debt of gratitude that will increase in value with the progress of the years.

J. H.

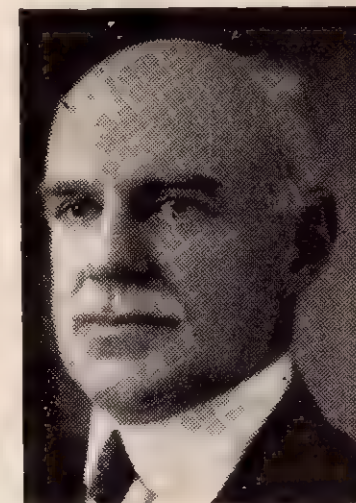
Fred T. Francis--P. H. S. 1886

MR. FRED T. FRANCIS, a former mayor of Pittsfield, and now chairman of the High School Athletic Council, was born in this city, and received his education in the public schools here. When he made his entrance to Pittsfield High School, he early became prominent in the school life, and showed a particular interest in athletics. This interest was not lost after Mr. Francis graduated from P. H. S. in 1886.

After his graduation, Mr. Francis took prominent parts in the political affairs of the city, and his success was finally crowned with his election as mayor of Pittsfield in 1925-1926. In this office, Mayor Francis served the City of Pittsfield efficiently for two years.

When his term of office had expired, he resumed his duties as treasurer of the Berkshire County Savings Bank of Pittsfield. Forty-three years ago, Mr. Francis was employed at this bank as an office boy. Today, he holds the position as treasurer of this same institution.

Because of his keen interest in the affairs of Pittsfield High, and because of his love of athletics, Mr. Francis has recently been appointed to the new Athletic Council of the school, and in this capacity he is to serve as Chairman. In his work he will be able to broaden the athletic field, to free athletics from financial difficulties and be able to provide well paid coaches for the extension of athletics in P. H. S.





As We See Them

The Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.:

The editorials in *The Jabberwock* are very interesting and the school notes are very good as they cover all important activities that took place. However, we find that the poetry is not centralized and also that a separate department should be formed for the short stories.

The Red and White, Rochester, N. H.:

In this magazine the literary, poetry and exchange departments are all quite good. We especially enjoyed the story "Noises at Night." It is suggested that two new cuts be made, one for the Athletic Notes department and the other for the Joke department.

The Broctonia, Brocton, Mass.:

All departments in this paper are both interesting and complete, the athletic activities being very well written. A very amusing story in the last issue is "Midge and I."

The Maroon and White, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

In *The Maroon and White* two decidedly amusing stories are "Call the Wagon" and "A Glorious Adventure." The Joke department is also very good. We suggest that a separate poetry section be installed.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.:

All departments are well written up and all are exceptionally original. We commend especially the Joke and Athletic Notes departments. The "Love Tale of Alsace Lorraine" was a very interesting piece of literature.

The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Penn.:

The literary section in this paper is noticeably better than many high school literary departments. In fact the entire magazine distinguishes itself for its completeness and for its well written articles. The arrangement is also good with the exception of the poetry which is rather scattered.

The Ferncliff Echo, Lee, Mass.:

We wish to congratulate *The Ferncliff Echo* on their first issue, which is excellent. It is a small paper but could be enlarged by a poetry and an exchange section. Your "Bits of Berkshire" is unusual and interesting. We await with interest to see the development of your paper.

The Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.:

This magazine is very fine, especially because of the contributions from your teachers. "La Belle Yu" and "A Teacher's Soliloquy" are exceptionally interesting. The humour is quite clever. We are looking forward to your next issue. *The Shucis*, Schenectady, N. Y.:

Congratulations on your excellent Literary department. We liked especially the story "A Question of Courage." "A Four Cornered Triangle" has a novel ending. We advise that all the poetry be put under one section. Finally, we like the quality and quantity of your stories, which adds much to the value and readability of your magazine.

The Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.:

Your magazine is rather small and because of this fact more advertisements could be used advantageously. We liked the story "Enter Love, the Magician." It contained an unusual idea for a high school student.

Galley 4, 35 ems, Oldmixon 4733

The Record, Boston, Mass.:

Hurrah for your cover design! It was a welcomed change from the plain cover designs of many magazines. You must have an excellent Art department for your cuts were also extremely good. We liked "The Avenger." It was very good for it had atmosphere and imagination.

The Orange Leaf, Orange, N. J.:

Your student body is certainly well trained in ticket selling and we congratulate them one and all. "The Secret of Silver Hollow" was interesting. There is one thing we advise changing in your magazine and that is the continuation method. One is tempted to read the first parts of your articles and not the last.

As Others See Us

Numerous students have, of late, requested the reason for omitting an "As Others See Us" section from the Exchange department. We are, in a measure, glad to say that this failure is not caused by members of this department. Very few comments have been received, most of these dealing with issues published months before. By the time these would appear in *The Pen* the majority of students have forgotten the article to which the comment referred. They seem therefore of negligible value. As soon as these difficulties are overcome, this section will be published as has been the habit in the past.

We acknowledge the arrival of the following exchanges:

The Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.

The Orange and Black, Middletown, Conn.

The Mill Wheel, Pittsfield, Mass.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.

The High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

The Haaren Beaver, New York City

Junior Hi Tones, Hilo, Hatai

The Flashlight, Superior, Neb.

The Shrapnel, Alton, Ill.

The Vermont Cynic, Berlington, Vt.

The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.

The Owl, Hudson, N. Y.

The Boston University News, Boston, Mass.

Papers:



Rira bien qui rira le dernier.

Incident During Orchestra Rehearsal

Mr. Smith: "The next selection will be 'Yankee Rose'."

Hart Webber: "Heck, I just finished playing that."

* * * *

Senior: "You look awfully sleepy, sonny; what's wrong?"

"Handsome" Dorfman: "I was told that if I stood out in front of the building I'd hear the high school yell, and I've been out here all night and haven't heard it say a word."

* * * *

Clerk: "And the tie for the little boy, madam; would you like a long tie?"

Lady: "Yes, very long; he outgrows things so quickly."

* * * *

V. Victoreen: "There is still some dew on the flowers you brought me."

Admirer: "Yes, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

* * * *

Commercial: "What are you doing in school in the afternoon?"

Liberal Arts: "Oh, just seeing how the other half lives."

* * * *

"Wash" Tubbs: "Do you like Al Jolson?"

"Bozo" Ano: "What class is he in?"

* * * *

Mendel (in restaurant): "What kind of pie have you?"

Waiter: "We have pineapplepieapplepie."

* * * *

In Sixth Period History Class

John Donna: "What was that hollow sound?"

Miss Kaliher: "Hannum, stop hitting Drake on the head."

* * * *

(Better Not Put any Names on This One)

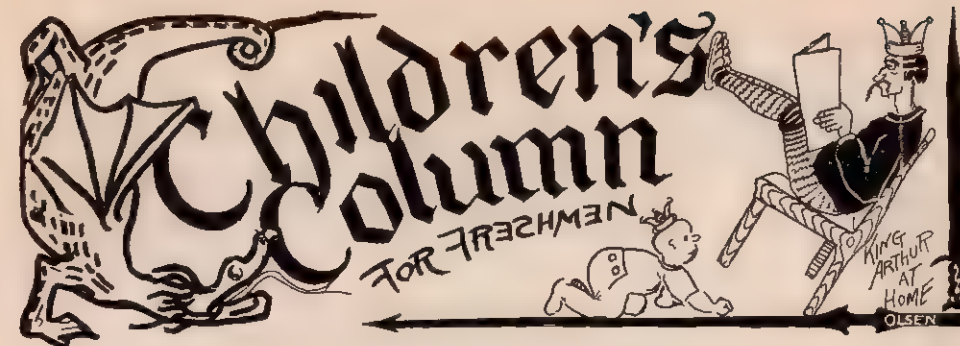
"Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

"Oh, indeed—and when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

* * * *

Luke: "Your son must be the idol of the family."

Warmwater: "Yes, he has been idle for twenty-one years."



Highlights of History

THE most intellectual class in the school,—why of course I don't mean the Seniors,—I am referring to the grand and glorious Sophomore Class, has decided that history is the best subject in any curriculum.

After much research work, Eugene Dorfman, a learned soph—if there is such an animal—has brought to light many interesting facts about history. Some of these facts may interest you while others may not; Mr. Dorfman does not care. However that may be, I shall now reveal to you these facts which were disclosed to me by "Gene", the noted revealer and reveller.

First: Mr. Dorfman takes exception to the legend that Geo. Washington never lied. To support his contention he quotes the following passage from F. John Jackson's latest novel, "The Spirit of 76%":—"The famous Washington lied on the sofa with a bullet wound through his left tonsil."

Second:—The sophomore flash also says that Richard the Lion Hearted was a fake. He adds, in no uncertain terms, that his name should have been Richard the Chicken Hearted. Mr. Dorfman's belief is proved by a photograph showing Richard fleeing from a crippled Turk. This picture was taken with a kodak. If anybody doubts this and would like to see the photograph, meet "Gene" in the auditorium at 14 o'clock on May 35th.

Third:—Mr. Dorfman takes exception to the statement that an Irishman held Paul Revere's horse. He says that he is positive it wasn't an Emerald Island lad because the Irish are kind to animals; if a son of Old Erin was there he wouldn't restrain the nag.

Fourth:—This is one on the sophisticated "Gene."

Eddy Tors note:—by permission of Dorfman's history tutor we are printing an essay which is so accurate, interesting, and significant that it would be a shame if it wasn't published.

In 1916 Patrick Henry fought in the battle of Gettysburg. He was shot by a Chinaman and as he fell, he screamed, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Julius Caesar, who was standing nearby said, "I guess it'll be death this time, Pat, old man." He was buried on Oct. 7, 1789 in the Arlington Cemetery.

Famous Dates

226 B. C.—Pericles relieved Alexander as superintendent of schools in Athens.

339 B. C.—War declared between the people of Greece and the inhabitants of Hellas.

116 B. C.—Galen received his M D. degree from the Yale Law School.

49 B. C.—Julius Caesar was arraigned in district court charged with violating the 18th Amendment.

204 A. D.—The University of Macedonia won the annual regatta on the Dead Sea.

R. E. O'Gara

Fairy Tale?

AS I was returning to this Vale of Tears after our week's vacation (?) I met a studious Soph staggering under a heavy burden of schoolbooks. His noble brow was creased with frowns, his fine, intellectual features, haggard and troubled; under his eyes there were dark circles evidently caused by lack of sleep. When he saw me, he bowed just as all sagacious Sophs do when they see a puissant P. G. approaching (not an adv't., merely a fairy tale).

I inquired, "Why are you returning to school in this condition after a vacation?"

His answer follows:

For a long time I eagerly awaited our vacation supposing that it would give me time to rest my tired brain. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when each of my teachers assigned three times the usual amount of homework saying, "You will have ample time in which to do this as no other teacher will give you any lessons for the vacation."

After studying six hours daily during the holidays he had not finished all his assignments. Now the poor boy fears that the faculty is planning to assign home work during the summer vacation. As we entered the school I said, "Well, I'll have to see the Mayor about this," and thus I left the poor boy saddened because his ideals had been shattered.

Suggestion:—"Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it." —*Cicero*.

John Donna

* * * *

Question

"Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York is said to sleep all day. Would he be called a nightmare?"

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TROY, N. Y.

A School of Engineering and Science

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Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, in Architecture, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Architecture are prepared to practice their profession in any of its branches. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

Graduates of any of the above courses may continue their work in the Graduate School of the Institute. The Master's Degree is conferred upon the satisfactory completion of one year's work and the Doctor's Degree for three years' work.

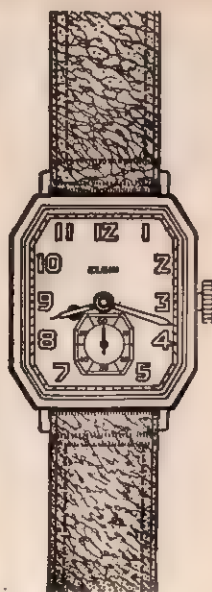
The method of instruction is unique and very thorough, and in all departments the laboratory equipment is unusually complete.

Interesting illustrated pamphlets giving information regarding the courses of study and the methods of instruction and containing views of the campus, buildings, and laboratories, the student activities, and the work of graduates, may be had by applying to the Registrar.

June The month of happiness, the month of Graduation



It has been the custom for years and years to present the graduate a *Watch* on this occasion. It is the gift of gifts that lasts way into the future ever reminding one of the day that life takes on a new meaning and also of Mother and Dad.



E. H. THOMAS

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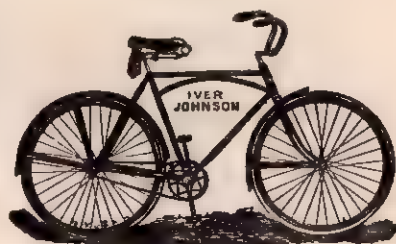
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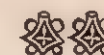


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Furs Sold on Easy Pay-
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--for Graduation Dresses
PLAIN WHITE

Flat Crepe or
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A most extraordinary quality
in either of these popular fabrics
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be healthy and happy and teach others to be
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all forms of athletics, gymnastics, games, dancing,
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and the other June activities.
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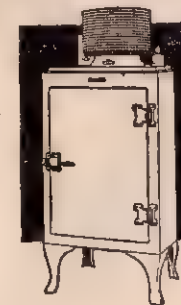
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

THE NOTE BOOK

By The Student's Pen Staff

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For beauty's

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Edward S. Stillis



May, 1929

The Student's Pen

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A year upon our door,
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The vital problem which confronts us today is not prohibition enforcement.

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STUDENTS

are eligible for life insurance. Take a policy for that they may, in a measure, be repaid for should anything happen to you

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